A LITTLE VENICE IN NEW YORK

Oddities of Ramblersville on a Jamaica Bay Creek—Comfort on Stilts.

If one sits in the grand stand at Aqueduct and looks toward Jamaica Bay he will see a circuslike collection of queer wooden houses, a waving mass of flags and a forest of flapping sails. That is Ramblersville. In summer it is a colony of a thousand souls; in winter, scarce a dozen. It is a bit of Holland and Venice jumbled into one. Its streets are canals, its houses clubs, its carriages boats, its life aquatic.

Built on stilts, it resembles a centiped when the tide is out. Its inhabitants have solved the problem of living cheaper than they can in the city. In fact Ramblersville is a poor man's paradise.

It is within the city limits, on the Rockaway branch of the Long Island Railroad, and thirty minutes from Long Island City. Built on a creek that winds through the meadows from Aqueduct to Jamaica Bay, the place is a medley of color.

The inlet was once called Hawtrey's Creek. It is thirty feet wide when the tide does not flush the village. The first shanty, a little dog kennel of a boathouse, was built thirty years ago. Then others were added, clubhouses more pretentious sprang up and it grew steadily to its present proportions. A few of the houses are substantial three story dwellings in which workingmen and their families live the year around. Most, however, are clubhouses, and the real life does not begin there until summer. Then the streets, one main one and a couple of little tributaries, are choked with boats of every description. Broad bottomed punts, rowboats, dories, catboats, sloops, skipjacks, pumpkin seeds, through the whole scale up to expensive launches.

Every house is built on piles driven into the mud. The houses all face the stream, and hinged stairways lead from the front doors to floats at which are tethered the owners' boats. In the rear of the houses there are narrow board sidewalks, also on stilts, rickety, unsubstantial affairs that sway and totter as you walk.

Nearly every house and boat in this peculiar village is painted a brilliant and gaudy color. The result is startling, yet not unduly obtrusive. A violet house will shoulder a brilliant carmine one; a vivid cerulean boat with orange stripes will hold you fascinated. Even the fat, lazy cats that doze in doorways, fish fed to repletion, and the yelping dogs are yellow or intensely black and white. Nothing is neutral. Other things are striking—the weather vanes for instance, and every building has one. It's the same with the chimneys, home made affairs of ashes and cement. Every house, too, has a name prominently displayed.

In keeping with its Venicelike aspect Ramblersville has a Bridge of Sighs. It is a wheezy wooden structure straddling the stream in the heart of the town. The bridge has a draw which is raised by pulling a rope. There is no bridge tender. The sailor has to open the draw himself.

The inhabitants of Ramblersville are strong on batteaus. Every house of any size has one. They are conducive to comfort on summer nights, especially if netted in.

The inhabitants of Ramblersville are as peculiar as its houses. They are representative of no race in particular, but Germans predominate. They own the few hotels of the place, the only jarring note in an otherwise harmonious architectural whole. But even these are redeemed in a utilitarian way, for here the clam lures its votaries on summer Sundays. Fish dinners in Ramblersville are worth long pilgrimages. The cheapest way to live in Ramblersville is to build your own house. Ground can be leased for from $5 to $10 a year and a good enough house can be erected for $300. There are few houses to rent. Fish is cheap and vegetables from nearby farms are hawked about the streets by quaint old market women in boats. The butcher and baker also make daily trips to the place from other villages, so the problem of living is not a difficult one and foodstuffs are cheaper, too, than in the city.

RAT RIDDEN PERTH AMBOY.

Fire in the Marine Graveyard Sent the Rodents to New Homes in the City.

PERTH AMBOY, July 29.—The Pied Piper of Hamelin can make his own terms if he will only rid this city of the rats which have infested it since the fire which destroyed City Treasurer John H. Gregory's marine graveyard, on the Raritan River, at the foot of Brighton avenue. Thousands of black rats, gray rats and brown rats are seeking new homes in private residences, offices, stores and public buildings, and already many of them are comfortably located.

Before the first tap of the alarm which told that the marine graveyard was on fire on the evening of July 4, the rats began to leave the Drew, the famous old Hudson River steamboat, in which the blaze started. Many of the rodents in the other old hulks soon took the hint. They swarmed from the old Boston liner Tremont, the Central Railroad's former ferryboats Communipaw, Fanwood and Central and the fifteen or more other boats of all sizes and in all stages of decay.

It did not take the invaders long to overrun the city. The vanguard reached the Central railroad station, the Carnegie Public Library and the Perth Amboy Trust Company building the first night. A large number were accommodated in the station, but the trust company's new building withstood the assault. The water rats were delighted with the conditions at the library, around which had been dug a deep trench to keep the rain from the cellar.

The following day the majority of the rats which had crowded into the dwelling houses or stayed in the vacant lots between the waterfront and Smith street learned that the city offered unlimited opportunities.

Dr. H. Martin Brace, Mayor of Perth Amboy, has been in consultation with the members of the City Council and the other municipal authorities as to the best means of ridding the city of the rats. Many suggestions have been made, but no plan that offers any probability of success has been hit upon. If the city had an official dog-catcher an effort might be made to interest him, but there is no such personage here. Perth Amboy has been extremely severe with stray dogs in the past, the police having orders to shoot them on sight.

Superintendent of Police Patrick J. Burke has issued similar instructions to his men in regard to the rats, but dog shooting and rat shooting are two entirely different tests of marksmanship. No dogs have been shot lately, and considerable regret is expressed that so many have been killed in the past.

NOT UP ON CHOCOLATE.

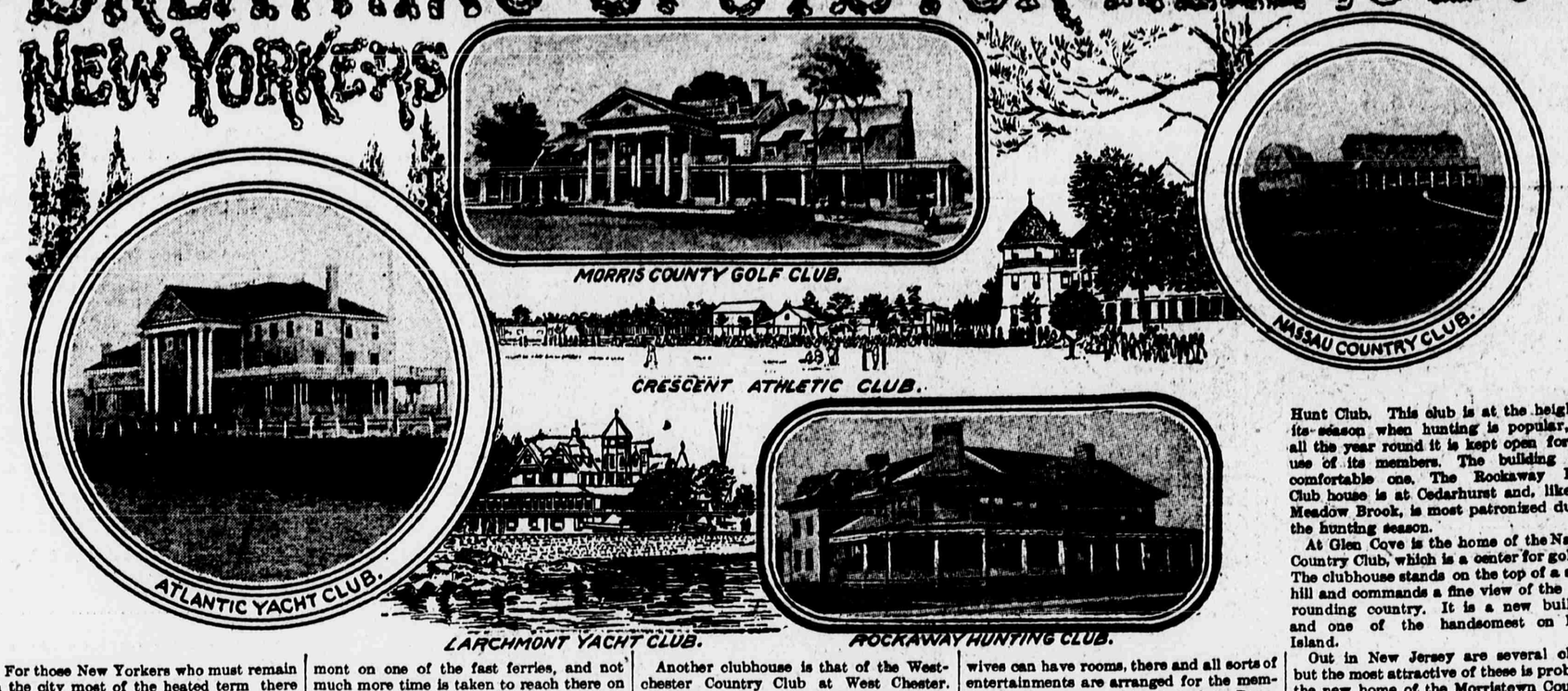
Mr. and Mrs. Billtops Both Surprised by a Question Put by Mr. B.

"What is chocolate made of?" asked Mr. Billtops of Mrs. B., who was at that moment engaged in sawing up a block of chocolate, preparing to make fudge.

"Why," said Mrs. Billtops, "it's made of—of some—I don't know what it's made of. It grows."

And Mr. Billtops didn't say anything, but it dawned upon him suddenly that that was about as near as he could have come to telling what chocolate is made of himself, if not nearer. What he didn't know about chocolate, as he now realized, would fill a nice little booklet, if not a great big book.

BREATHING SPOTS FOR WELL TO DO NEW YORKERS



For those New Yorkers who must remain in the city most of the heated term there are many breathing spots near the city which are not open to the public and where they can get cooled off in comfort.

Many can be seen every afternoon heading toward the different clubs in automobiles. They can play golf or tennis, do some yachting, take a swim, listen to good music, get good dinners and a cool night's rest and then return to business in the morning. Some of these clubs are on the water front and some members go to and from town in their yachts and so get well cooled off. Any afternoon a number of small steam yachts that are quite fast can be seen leaving the Battery, the New York Yacht Club landing at the foot of East Twenty-third street or from the foot of West Forty-second street. They return again with their owners on board the next morning.

This is an ideal way to travel to and from town. The owner boards his boat early in the morning, has his breakfast on board and then runs to the city. In the afternoon he gets cooled off again while resting on his yacht. So many of these boats are now in use that they have been termed private ferries. Those who own some of them are August Belmont, Gen. Brayton Ives, Howard Gould, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., John D. Archbold, Charles R. Flint, W. Ross Proctor, Wilson Marshall and F. A. Schermerhorn.

One of the most popular of the clubs to which business men head each afternoon is the Larchmont Yacht Club. This club has a handsome house on the Sound. It is built on the water's edge in a safe harbor. It is a little more than an hour's run to Larchmont on one of the fast ferries, and not much more time is taken to reach there on an automobile. It is within easy distance of the city by the railroad for those members and their friends who are not fortunate enough to own either a yacht or an automobile. Larchmont itself is a summer resort where there are handsome cottages, and the cottagers all belong to the club, so that things are always lively there.

The house is a comfortable one and is a veritable museum. The members take such pride in the organization that they have stocked it with trophies of all sorts that are very valuable. Its library is one of the best and its pictures rival those found in any clubhouse in the world.

The Larchmont Yacht Club has a membership of about 600. A. C. Bostwick is the commodore. He owns the fine auxiliary yacht Vergeme.e and has as fleet captain Justice John Proctor Clarke. The Larchmont Yacht Club is open all the year round and the members congregate there in the winter months as well as in the summer. The yachting season lasts from Decoration Day to about the end of September. After the yachting is over there is golf, and then the races of the season can always be sailed over again around the clubhouse fire.

A little nearer the city is the summer home of the New York Athletic Club. This is at Travers Island, near New Rochelle. The clubhouse was burned down a few years ago and has not been rebuilt, so that members can go there only for an evening's outing. This they do in great numbers, returning to town later or going to their cottages near by.

Another clubhouse is that of the Westchester Country Club at West Chester. Yachting, golf, squash and tennis are the favorite sports of the members of this club, and many of them are fond of driving. The clubhouse is near the water and on the grounds are several cottages owned by its members.

Three well known clubs have homes on the lower bay. These are the Crescent A. C. at Bay Ridge, the Atlantic Yacht Club at Sea Gate and the Marine and Field Club at Bath Beach. The Crescent club's house is one of the best near the city. It stands on the Shore road at Owl's Head and commands a fine view of the upper harbor. The grounds cover 200 city lots. They are used for golf links, a lacrosse field, tennis courts, baseball diamonds and shooting grounds. The main house is big and comfortable. A new boathouse has been built right on the water's edge. Almost any kind of sport can be had at this club, and the members, of whom there are more than 2,000, patronize it liberally. Many go down in their automobiles, and Wednesdays and Saturdays, when there are music and some attraction in the way of a competition, and on Sundays the house is crowded. For the convenience of the members a steamer runs to the clubhouse from the Battery, and the businessmen travel back and forth on this boat. The house is open all the year round and sports in season are always indulged in there.

The Atlantic Yacht Club is chiefly devoted to yachting, but its house is run like a country clubhouse. Members and their wives can have rooms, there and all sorts of entertainments are arranged for the members in the season, which lasts from Decoration Day to the end of September. The house stands in what is now known as Sea Gate. Some years ago it was called Norton's Point and was nothing more than a sand bank at the western end of Coney Island. The Sea Gate Association improved this sand bank and out it up into building lots, and now hundreds of cottages are there.

The clubhouse is a fine building facing the lower bay. It has 600 feet of frontage on the water and near by are tennis courts and shooting grounds. A boat runs to and from the city several times each day for the use of the members. D. G. Reid is the commodore. He owns the big steam yacht Rhoclair. Among the members are many of the best known yachtsmen of the country.

The Marine and Field Club has a cozy house at Bath Beach. On its grounds are golf links. The members divide their time between golf and yachting.

Up the Hudson is the Ardsley Club, which is devoted to all kinds of sport. The clubhouse is very handsome and from its windows a fine view of the Hudson River can be had. In front is a basin for small yachts and larger ones anchor in the river. The club has fine golf links, tennis courts and squash courts, and it is in every way one of the most attractive clubhouses near the city. For automobilists the run along the boulevards at the north of the city is a very fine one.

Down on Long Island are several attractive clubs that are handy. At Westbury is the house of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club. This club is at the height of its season when hunting is popular, but all the year round it is kept open for the use of its members. The building is a comfortable one. The Rockaway Hunt Club house is at Cedarhurst and, like the Meadow Brook, is most patronized during the hunting season.

At Glen Cove is the home of the Nassau Country Club, which is a center for golfers. The clubhouse stands on the top of a small hill and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. It is a new building and one of the handsomest on Long Island.

Out in New Jersey are several clubs, but the most attractive of these is probably the new home of the Morristown Country Club, where golf, tennis, squash and other sports are attractions and where horsemen as well as automobilists make their headquarters. This club is in the center of one of the most picturesque suburbs of the city, and the ride to the club, either in an automobile or on a coach, is most delightful. The Morristown Club has grown wonderfully.

The Tuxedo Club is, of course, the best of all these clubs. It is situated in a beautiful country and the clubhouse is only a part of a big organization. The members have handsome cottages there and they enjoy all the luxuries of country life with all sorts of sport, including fishing, shooting, golfing, squash, tennis and horses.

Many other clubs are scattered all through the suburbs. Some are devoted to one particular sport, such as golfing, yachting, horses, tennis or hunting, while others are simply country clubs, just for the members to enjoy an outing in the fresh air. Further away from the city are other clubs. Golf clubs are to be found everywhere. Yacht clubs stretch along the coast in almost every harbor from Cape May to Bar Harbor. They are also to be found on the shores of the lakes. In the mountains are country clubs and shooting and fishing clubs. Outdoor life has become so popular that all these clubs are doing well. It is a big expense to maintain a good club, but most of these are on a paying basis and some of them make a fair amount of profit for the season.

WORK CURE FOR THE NERVOUS

The Handicraft Sanatorium at Marblehead, Where the Patients Have Plenty to Do.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., July 29.—The therapeutic value of interesting manual work for tired brains has long been recognized. Two Marblehead physicians, who have made a special study of nervous diseases, have hit upon the idea of establishing in this seaside town an Arts and Crafts Sanatorium.

They had long held that rest treatment is often unwise for those suffering from nervous breakdown, because physical rest does not necessarily include rest for the mind and the nerves. The beginning of the sanatorium was in a small shop, but now the house formerly occupied by the Bay View Yacht Club at Marblehead is its workshop headquarters. Here a dozen or more patients are regularly to be found pursuing one or another of the handicrafts adopted by the sanatorium.

The atmosphere of the house is cheery and normal. There is nothing anywhere to suggest illness or nerves. On the piazzas, which are swept by the tonic breezes of the harbor, and in front of which yachts continually pass, the patients stay several hours a day. Four skilful girls are on hand to help in the teaching, and over them and the patients Miss Jessie Luther, who controls the technical part of the shop, keeps a watchful eye. Miss Luther got her training at Hull House, Chicago.

At frequent intervals nourishment is served, and whenever there is the slightest indication that a worker is becoming overtired it is tactfully suggested that she rest for a while in the cozy living room upstairs, where books, magazines, easy chairs and—on chilly days—an open fire supply a thoroughly delightful atmosphere of home.

Weaving, wood carving and pottery are the principal branches taught in the school, and of these weaving and pottery are the favorites. In the former Miss Luther encourages the patient to undertake only the simplest parts, however, because it would be easy to overwork at the big, old fashioned looms with which the shop is equipped. The rugs made here are very beautiful and are much in demand, north shore people having discovered that they need only send the dimensions and color scheme desired to be supplied promptly with artistic and characteristic floor coverings. The herringbone counterpanes and the Swedish table covers turned out here are thoroughly distinctive also—so much so, indeed, that the products of this handicraft sanatorium are now eagerly sought for at the arts and crafts shops.

From the first it has been the policy that the shop, or school, as it is sometimes called, should not in any sense be a play shop, but that its products should always be of the better sort. To this end trained workers who should also be teachers and active producers were employed.

The patients are mostly clever persons, and in a short time they become good workers. It is hoped, therefore, that besides helping a great many nervous invalids the school will soon make a widely known name for itself.

To women who have given out under stress of social and domestic cares the system has been found especially applicable. The relief of work with the hands in such conditions is indescribably great. A number of the summer residents of the neighborhood have become so enamored of the shop and its ideals that they drive over each morning to share in the instruction.

The House Over the Sea is now a shop merely. None of the patients lives here. It was found advisable that the dormitory should be apart from the place where the work is done, so that when the few hours allotted to it are over the patients may take rest or recreation in a different atmosphere.

Men as well as women are now enjoying the recuperative effects of life in this unique sanatorium. They become especially interested in wood carving, carpentry and pottery, soon coming to do good work in these crafts, although, of course, their early tasks are simple.

SMOKING WITH A HOLDER.

As Many Cigar Holders Sold as Ever—Why Smokers Use Them.

"You may not see used as many fancy cigar holders of meerschaum and of amber as you once did," said the cigar man, "but we still sell them, and of cigar holders all told, including holders designed solely for utility and comfort, as those of celluloid, we sell as many as ever. The great majority of cigar smokers, to be sure, hold a cigar in their teeth, but a considerable number of smokers always use a holder, for which practise they may have various reasons, some of a sanitary nature.

"One man may use a holder to avoid burning his mustache. Another man may use one because the burning end of the cigar is farther away and so he gets a cooler smoke. Some men use a holder when playing cards, because in a holder he can lay a cigar down without burning the table and without scattering the ashes on it.

"And with a holder might be the coolest and most convenient and comfortable way for a man to smoke a cigar while reading.

"I think if you were to observe the men you meet in the street smoking cigars in cigar holders you would find them to be mostly men of middle age or thereabouts, whom you would never find smoking violently; and I think if you could know their smoking habits that you would find these smokers to be, while moderate and temperate in their manner of smoking, pretty steady smokers, smokers who use a cigar holder to minimize the danger of smoking and to enhance its comfort."

BOSTON LIKES ITS EGGS BROWN

And New York White—Even the Egg Man Stumped to Tell Why.

"Boston prefers brown shelled eggs; New York, white," says an egg dealer.

"Why? It stumps me. There are a good many persons who insist that brown shelled eggs have a more delicate taste than white shelled ones.

"But if it is true that they are more tasty, I can't understand why New York does not insist upon them, too, for however much the Hub may lead us in the intellectual race, New York's right up with the leading epicure cities of the world in the matter of a good table. Some people think that she takes the lead.

"There are those who think that brown eggs are prettier than white and for this reason prefer them for table eggs. Boston is nothing if not a stickler for art. It may be that she believes that the brown egg is more beautiful than the white and therefore insists upon it.

"The soda counters of the two cities tell the story of this odd difference of preference. In New York bowls of white eggs tempt to egg shakes, eggnog, &c. In Boston bowls of brown eggs tempt to the same beverages.

"As far as a difference of taste between the brown and the white egg goes, it is my personal opinion that if the most ardent believers in the difference had an egg to eat which had been broken from its shell out of their sight they would not be able to tell whether it had had a brown or a white cover."

Fight for Life Against Heat

How the Battle Was Waged by 300 Physicians in the Recent Hot Wave.

Three hundred physicians in threescore hospitals in this city did little else in the recent hot wave but give battle to the heat that was prostrating ten times as many persons as appeared in the long lists given out by the police.

Others might flee from the heat, but it was for them to stand by and fight the common enemy that laid hold especially of the very young and the aged, that picked its victims among the overworked and underfed, that left them, in the shop or on the street, unconscious and burning up.

It is a keen and desperate battle that these physicians wage—a hand to hand struggle against the fierce heat that fires the blood to such a point that the victim lies senseless, helpless, the blood congesting so that it almost clogs the veins, the heart nearly bursting from the strain of pumping this half coagulated vital fluid, the lungs laboring mightily, the temples throbbing as though they would burst.

Life is hanging in the balance while the doctors play streams of water on the patient, pack ice about his body, apply stimulants and often have recourse to artificial respiration to keep the victim alive while the heat is being driven from the body.

It is a battle in which the labor is great. The chief weapon of those who fight for a life is cold water, and the progress of the struggle, whether it is making for life or death, is told by the rising or the falling of the mercury in the little thermometer that umpires the contest.

Every hospital in the city was taxed to the utmost by the two hot waves of this July, but Bellevue was the scene of more efforts to snatch heat victims from death than any other institution, because of the large tenement house and factory territory that it serves.

All day long each day while the high temperature lasted Bellevue's six ambulances were responding to calls, and the police patrol wagons and even the gruesome dead wagons of the Morgue helped to bring in the victims, while grocery men and truck drivers converted their vehicles into makeshift ambulances in order to get stricken men and women to the hospital with the least possible delay.

One case may be taken as typical of the work that was going on at every hospital in the city.

The telephone rings in the little room in the basement of the old Bellevue building. One of the operators at Police Headquarters is repeating the call that a patrolman has sent in for an ambulance for a heat case. An ambulance is at the door of the reception room, the surgeon is leaning over the operator as he fills in on the ruled sheet the location of the case. That is all that the physician needs to know. He runs to his post on the tail seat of the ambulance, shouting out the street and number as he swings himself aboard, and the ambulance is bowling through the open gate while the operator at the telephone is filling in the details of the record.

Those ambulance horses run more consistently than any of the high priced thoroughbreds of the turf. They always do their best, racing as if they knew that the saving of a minute in reaching the case may mean the cheating of death.

The crowd that is thoughtlessly depriving the heat victim of air parts at the clanging of the ambulance bell. While the driver is backing up to the curb the young doctor is on his knees at the prostrate man's side, and as the hypodermic needle sends sustenance to the flagging heart the driver brings the stretcher.

It is the work of but a minute to lift the victim into the ambulance, and while the horse is racing back to the hospital the surgeon is removing part of the man's clothing. Then he claps an ice-pack on the victim's head, the cracked ice being held in place by a helmet shaped rubber cap, and he places chunks of ice about the man's body.

Meanwhile the physician's thermometer has told him just how urgent is the case, and in the swaying, jolting ambulance he begins the battle that is to be fought to a finish at the hospital. Soon the patient, breathing stertorously, is carried into the reception room at Bellevue.

The temperature of the patient decides the next step. If the thermometer shows only a degree or two above the danger point—102 degrees—the patient is carried to one of the wards, where he is sprayed with iced water, and lumps of ice are put under his armpits and about his head until the heat of the blood is brought below 102 degrees.

But as a strapping truckman is carried into the reception room the ambulance surgeon calls out "111."

"Bath," shouts Assistant Superintendent Rickard, and without pausing the ambulance bearers turn into the corridor, heading at a trot for one of the bathrooms. There the patient is quickly stripped and laid on the concrete floor, his head resting on a rubber covered pillow. Doctors and nurses as quickly have doffed their clothes in an adjoining room and appear girt with towels or wearing bathing trunks.

The heat victim is scarcely stretched upon the floor before a fresh ice pack is adjusted on his head, chunks of ice placed about his body, especially under the armpits, and the doctors are playing cold streams upon him from spray nozles.

Meanwhile the nurse has inserted the thermometer and falls to slapping the man vigorously about the legs, arms and body, to bring the heated blood from the interior of the body to the surface, so as to get it within reach of the cold spray.

One of the doctors leans over the patient, rubbing his chest with lumps of ice, which melt as though in a fire. At the same time he closely watches the man's breathing and his pulse.

Ten minutes pass and the patient's strength begins to fail. Hoffman's anodyne is injected hypodermically, and then ether, and his breathing becomes better. His temperature has fallen from 111 to 109 degrees.

The battle goes on, the iced water splashing over nurses and doctors as they work over the victim, the ice melting at contact with the superheated body. Not for an instant is there any let up in the slapping and rubbing.

Suddenly the patient's heavy breathing ceases. A doctor who has been spraying him drops the hose, seizes the man's arms and begins to produce artificial respiration. It may be a minute—it seems ten—and the physician has pulled the man back from the brink.

The anodyne is again resorted to and the spraying is resumed. Thus the fight is waged for half an hour, and the temperature of the living furnace is reduced to 107—five degrees above the point of convalescence.

Again the breath of life leaves the patient, and the doctors fairly leap upon him, working his arms and kneading his chest until he breathes once more. Ether is injected into his leg, and with water and ice the cooling process goes on.

Ten minutes later the man's temperature is down to 103, but he collapses again, and while artificial respiration is resorted to for the third time an orderly summons one of the five priests who are on duty at Bellevue at such times as these. Without interrupting the treatment the priest administers extreme unction.

It is a matter of a fraction of a degree between death and life when the breath ceases for the fourth time, and scarcely have the lungs and heart been forced to resume their functions when there is a fifth failure of these vital organs, but with artificial respiration and the injection of stimulants near the heart the man is made to breathe again. The thermometer is just a hair's breadth above 102, and the doctors begin to believe that they will pull their patient through.

The man's pulse is very rapid, but scarcely perceptible. Again ether is resorted to, and the drenched form begins to make vigorous and voluntary movements, showing such strength that the doctors are practically assured that he will recover.

After an hour and five minutes the battle seems won. The patient's temperature is a trifle below 102. The stretcher bearers are called, the patient is placed between blankets and hurried to one of the wards.

In a majority of cases the patient reaches the ward living and returning to consciousness. He is put in a cot and a careful watch is kept for any rise in temperature. This is the peril in heat prostration cases, and it is immediately met by spraying the patient with iced water and by resorting to stimulation if necessary.

If the temperature does not rise the patient quickly convalesces, and his recovery is only a matter of regaining wasted strength. If there is more than one rise in temperature after the fire in the blood has been cooled the chances of recovery are very small. Only one time out of fifty is the battle fought in vain in the case of a patient who still has a spark of life when he is laid stripped upon the concrete floor and the cooling hose is turned upon him.

'Ware of Water in Summer, Says the Doctor

"It's a tossup in my mind whether whisky or water does the more harm in summer," announced the family man.

"At any rate I know that water—too much water—was the undoing of my family last summer.

"I began my preparations for this summer's vacation just as soon as I discovered that my wife was getting out the old guide books, bringing home summer resort circulars and poring over the country board ads in the Sunday newspapers. As a rule I let my wife have most of the say in settling this question, only stipulating that the place shall not be more than four hours distant from New York, and so far she has selected a resort on the seashore or the Sound or near a good sized lake, for the reason that the kid, a boy of 10, and our daughter, who is 15, as well as their mother and myself, enjoy boating, bathing and fishing.

"But this year I felt I had a duty to face, and I faced it squarely by having a heart to heart talk with my wife, which sent her to bed in a very bad humor.

"'We must go to the mountains this summer,' I told her, 'or to an inland resort,' and when she got her breath back I gave my reasons.

"I pointed out that a few days after we got back from the country last September I had to send for a physician. The kid took to his bed first, his mother was prostrated the day after, and our daughter, looking almost as ill as either, dragged from one room to the other trying to wait on them both.

"Luckily our family physician was out of town, and a stranger, who evidently had no intention whatever of humoring his patients, took his place. When he heard that his patients were just home from a seven weeks stay at one of the Sound resorts, he began firing off a lot of questions at my wife, some of which she tried to dodge, and which were eyeopeners to me. In ten minutes he found out more about my wife's habits than I had learned all summer.

"For instance, she remembered that she went in bathing twice every day and sometimes again in the evening if it was moonlight. And she admitted staying in the water often more than an hour at a stretch, particularly when learning to float. Oh, yes, the kid was generally along. In fact, he practically lived in his bathing suit.

"'Your wife and son,' the doctor told me, 'are victims of too much water. In the boy's case there are malarial symptoms, due, perhaps, to impure drinking water, but your wife's prostration is the outcome of a general debility brought on by a reckless waste of vitality. Surf and still water bathing are healthful enough. In fact, they are beneficial taken in moderation, which means, in the case of the average woman, one dip a day, lasting not longer at the outside than thirty minutes, but like any other stimulant, when taken in excess, there is bound to be a reaction.

"'Now, your wife is far from being a robust woman. In her case a fifteen or twenty minute bath or swim once a day will do good, but anything in excess of that will surely debilitate her. The reason she has broken down now is that she has been deprived suddenly and completely of her daily double and triple bracer. The only circumstance which saved your daughter from a sick bed is that she is not so fond of sea bathing as her mother and did not stay in the water so long, she tells me.

"'But your wife is not the only fool vacationer I have met lately,' growled the old doctor, taking up his hat to go. 'New York is full of men and women, young, old, middle aged, who rush off to the country every summer, exercise strenuously, then drink to excess of well water which, as likely as not, is full of malaria germs, and between times act as if man was an amphibious animal whose natural habitat was an ocean, lake or river. Then they rush home again and wonder why their vacation has done them no good.'

"Well, in the heart to heart talk with my wife I have referred to I reminded her of this conversation, and recalled the fact that the doctor warned her against drinking any but pure spring water, and not too much of that, and to let surf or still water bathing alone rather than go in the water oftener than once a day. This was her answer:

"'That doctor was an old fogy. I don't believe surf bathing was the cause of my illness at all'—and I saw rebellion in her eye.

"'Very well, madam,' I returned, 'either you give me your word of honor (my wife is very conscientious) that you and our daughter will go in bathing once a day only, staying in the water not more than twenty minutes, or else we will spend our vacation at some place miles away from even a fishpond. You may take your choice.'

"Promise? Of course she promised. She would rather accept any alternative than the mountains. And now I am reasonably sure, I think, of escaping a doctor's bill next fall."

Safe.

Mr. Grasshopper—You should save up some money for a rainy day.
Mr. Bugg—What, me? Why, I'm a waterbug.

Mrs. Hippo's Expectations.

Mr. Hippo—I was out all night and I can't think of one excuse to give my wife.
His Friend—Well, tell her the truth about it.
Mr. Hippo—But I don't want to disappoint her.